

Joint Compound

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**\*\*Characters:\*\*** Catherine Halsey, John-117/Master Chief

**\*\*Summary:\*\*** "The taller the person, the greater chances the physical and mental complications associating with gravity." Catherine observes John-117 in seemingly non-combative situation.

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><p>There was a saying that the taller the person, the greater chances the physical and mental complications associating with gravity.<p>

By their very design, Spartans were imposing; they weren't born that way, they were made that way. In the name of scientific curiosity and snuffing undue rebellion, she was more than willing to push the boundaries of human limitations (mortality) and use a few wayward (or not) children to do it.

John-117 sat hunched over on a crate of the launching bay, nursing the sore joints of his knees and feet, a not-so isolated reoccurring result of his augmented height. He received treatment, but there was only so much she could do for the tenderness he never complained about. His helmet sat on the edge, bumped by his arm every few seconds when his hands reached higher to massage sore thigh muscles.

Crossing the distance between them, she placed her arm behind her back, right hand clutching her forearm and fiddled with the mini-discus clenched in the palm of her hand. The soldier never looked up, displaying a gross lack of situational awareness. Pursing her lips, she said, "Is there a problem, John?"

"Dr. Halsey," John-117 was on his feet immediately, his right leg buckled slightly as he turned to face Halsey. "No, ma'am," He answered. Catherine watched with a lazy eye as his helmet spun ever so slightly on its top next to his feet. Looking up her eyes met his for barely a second before he proceeded to stare off into space like a good soldier. "Are you sure?"

John-117 said nothing.

Relaxing her shoulders, she shook her head. What good was a Spartan if he couldn't admit error? "At ease, Spartan. Resume your duties and see to it that you see me about those problems you're not having," She said.

"Yes, ma'am," As she departed, John settled himself slowly back on the crate. He was careful to keep his hands from resting on the side of his knee until Dr. Halsey vanished completely from his sight, off to do whatever in her laboratories. Unclenching his fist, he readjusted his right leg and resumed his masseur duties.

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